

Make Love AND War by UnoPeso22

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Summary:

Jane "El" Hopper and Max Mayfield are on their way to a college party, but things don't go their way whenever they're pulled over by two cops, Mike Wheeler and Lucas Sinclair. It should be an easy arrest for the rookie cops. Should be...

Make Love AND War

Author's Note:

Yes, this is a lot to read but it has everything in it from story to smut and all. Gonna have 3 chapters: Beginning, Middle, End. I know posting fewer chapters means possibly less readers but I liked doing it this way lol. If you like this please leave a kudos and bookmark, I took a lot of time to write this. Much love to everyone!!!

People go to parties to get away from the daily struggles known as life. In the case of 19 year old Jane "El" Hopper, currently likes to be called El, she's just wanting to do anything adventurous with her life.

Ever since she was saved by Jim Hopper, Chief of Police in the town of Hawkins, she's lived a fairly boring life. No more experiments, no more tests, just a normal life.

Except she figured out pretty quick that a normal life is boring. She needs excitement, and a party can be just the thing for her.

Her and Max both decided to get away from Hawkins. The college they're attending is four hours away from her home. She needed to get away from her dad for personal reasons.

The powers that she used to be so good at using as a kid have become almost non-existent. Not having to use her powers as much has made her weaker, although she can still do small things like open and close doors. It's more painful for her now.

Her best friend, Max Mayfield, may of been the one to convince her into going to this particular party. After all, El is so shy, she can never do something without being peer pressured into it by Max; even if it's something she would want to do, she'd be too scared too without Max.

If El could describe Max in one word, it would be... insane.

Max and El are complete polar opposites.

But here they are, together in Max's Chevrolet Camaro. It was her brothers until his dad got him a new car. Her parents convinced him to give it to Max as a present for her 18th birthday.

Max is driving while El is riding shotgun contemplating what she'll even do when she gets to this party.

El notices that the sun is about to come down. Nighttime always freaked her out a bit.

She also thinks about all the dumb classes she's gonna have to take for her 2nd year of College. Her and Max were luckily able to get into the same college, and that made their lives so much easier.

Max is wearing an red shirt with blue denim pants. Underneath the coat is a plain black t-shirt.

El has a white "I ♥ NY" t-shirt on along with the usual blue denim pants.

Max glances at El and notices her bummed out facial expression.

"Don't you get sad on me, El. Don't even think about ruining this night for both of us," Max says.

"Sorry. I just keep thinking about college starting back up next month."

"Well stop thinking about it!" Max shouts.

"It's just a party, Max."

Max briefly turns her head to make eye contact with El. The look on Max's face already has her regretting saying that.

"Just a party? El, This is your first party! Our first party together! College parties are insane!" Max explains, making El more curious.

"How? What am I even gonna do when I get there? Stand around like the shy and depressed girl that I am?" El replies as her stress levels

rise by the second.

Max chuckles and stops at a traffic light before looking at El.

“No, because I won't let you stand around. You know how many cute guys go to these parties? You know how tempting it is when you're drunk and in the moment to let a guy have his way with you?”

“Uh, no....”

Max nods her head and giggles.

“Yeah, I knew that already.”

El looks ticked off by Max's comment, although she's not trying to show it.

“Let's face it, El; your V-Card is about to expire. Hopper knows this and has been trying to protect you from boys- cute boys. Ever since high school, he's basically been kidnapping you from having sexual experiences, and look at you now. You won't even talk to a boy when he speaks to you!”

“NOT TRUE!” El yells in response, startling Max momentarily.

“I talk to guys. Kyle, for example.”

Max is silent for a couple seconds until El's words hit her brain, then she bursts out laughing.

“Kyle is gay, El!” Max shouts, unable to wipe the smile off of her face.

“What?!” El shouts back in total shock.

The light turns green and Max focuses her attention on the road.

“Everyone knows. It's not rocket science.”

El is too upset to even argue anymore.

“Whatever. Can we just get to this stupid party so I can lose my stupid virginity that is oh-so important.”

“With that attitude, you'll be a virgin forever,” Max teases her.

El punches her arm with all the physical strength she had.

“OWWW. Jesus, El. What?! I'm just saying the last thing guys want to talk to is a bitchy and uptight girl, no offense, and please don't hit me.”

Trying her hardest to resist punching her again, El crosses her arms and looks out the window.

“I don't want to be too loose or else I might end up as slutty as you,” El mumbles enough to where Max can hear it.

“Woah! You're really gonna call me a slut right now? Well excuse me for having some fun in life. Yeah, maybe I get down and dirty a lot, but at least I don't pretend to be Ms. Innocent,” Max says, getting a little annoyed.

“What does that mean?!” El wonders as both of them start to get more irritated.

“It means that you claim not be interested in sex, even though you've told me that you masturbated to Kevin Bacon in Footloose a dozen times!”

El's eyes widen. She's never told anyone about that except Max. It just slipped out during a conversation about sex a couple years back.

“Wow! You know What? At least I haven't gotten fucked by a dozen guys this year alone!” El shouts.

Max abruptly steps on the breaks and stops the car in the middle of the highway before looking at El with angry eyes.

“You bitch!”

Max grabs El's hair and El does the same to her. They start pulling each other's hair, both hurting like hell, but not wanting to show it.

Max and El both try to hide their pain, but it doesn't last long before Max shows it first.

“OW-OW-OW. Okay! Okay! YOU WIN!” Max screams.

El hears those words that bring a smile to her face and they both let go of each other.

Max relaxes in her seat and El does the same for a couple of seconds.

“Shit. I gotta light one up,” Max pulls a joint and lighter out of her pocket.

“Max, we're on the highway!” El shouts.

Max smirks at El before lighting the joint. She puts the joint in her mouth and inhales it for 5 seconds, then exhales. Some smoke gets into El's face as she tries to blow it away with her hands.

“God, Max! Why?!”

Max giggles and takes 2 more hits.

“Don't act like you haven't smoked this shit. Trust me, you need it. We were both acting like bitches earlier.”

Max holds the joint out for El to grab. Although El's smoked before, and she does enjoy it, it doesn't seem like something they should be doing out on the highway for everyone to see.

Max's smile is so contagious, and she does make a point. What's the point of being upset while at the stupid party when she could be happy. She decides to give in and grab the joint.

She hits it a little too hard on her first time, and it shows when she coughs for a minute straight.

Max laughs at her coughing and El laughs at Max laughing at her.

“Alright. Party here we come! Woooooo,” Max says.

Already feeling the effects of the marijuana, El smiles and nods her head.

“WOOOOOO,” El screams with joy.

Being a police officer wasn't Mike Wheeler's first option. Having white skin, dark brown eyes, and dark brown hair that covers his forehead, he planned on being a teacher, but with college being so stressful, he decided to drop out and become a cop.

His lifelong best friend, Lucas Sinclair, also wanted to be a cop. Lucas is black and standing at 6"3, a couple of inches taller than Mike who's 6"1.

They decided to go to the police academy together and eventually became partners.

Now they're both police officers, driving on the highway in the same car. Partners.

They had only been doing this for a couple of months, so they are still learning... or at least trying to learn.

It's the best case scenario that they became partners, because being a police officer is boring for them. Nothing ever happens.

With Lucas being on the wheel and Mike riding shotgun, it's just another day.

"Do you ever think that there's different universes out there where we're like, rock stars or rich celebrities?" Mike asks a concentrated Lucas.

"I don't know. Probably," Lucas replies.

"Because I've been thinking. All those Back to the Future movies, they could be possible one day."

"One day," Lucas says, not really caring for the conversation at this point.

"Okay, I know I talk about this a lot and you don't have any interest in it, but at least pretend you give a little shit."

Lucas chuckles.

“Sorry, I don't have time for this anymore, man. All this multiverse and omniverse shit is getting old. You need to get laid, bad!” Lucas honestly says.

Mike gets irritated by the comment that is brought up every now and then by Lucas.

“I told you. It's gonna happen tonight. Veronica and I are getting serious now. Once our shift is done at 9, I'm gonna have sex!” Mike says with enthusiasm in his voice.

“Bro, Veronica is such a tease. You two barely hangout and you caught her cheating on you twice! TWICE! And you still took her back! You're my friend, Mike, and I love ya, but I can't respect you for that,” Lucas says, having an irritated tone in his voice.

Mike hates to hear it from him, but he respects Lucas' honestly. Mike knows he needs a reality check every once in a while.

“Okay. Yeah. I shouldn't of taken her back, but I did and now I'm about to have sex. Will I marry her? Probably not, but this beats having to pay a hooker to get laid.”

Lucas briefly looks at Mike and smirks at him.

“Hey, do what you gotta do I guess. Hookers aren't even that bad. They do some crazy shit in bed,” Lucas says while laughing.

Mike cringed hard at that comment in a light-hearted way.

“Who knows what diseases you caught in the process of doing all that freaky shit,” Mike replies, unable to hide the grin on his face as they briefly make eye contact.

They are nerdy, crude, honest, and sometimes disgusting. But their friendship can never be broken.

Lucas continues driving for a bit before he remembers something noteworthy to talk about.

“Wait. Are you scared of Veronica because her dad is in the mob?!” Lucas asks with a wide grin on his face.

“No! What?! I don't care what her family thinks of me.”

Lucas grins as he keeps his eyes on the road.

“You're afraid if you end it with her, you'll be whacked or something! It all makes sense now!” Lucas laughs uncontrollably.

“Shut up!” Mike shouts as he gets angrier the more he sees Lucas laughing.

Lucas can't stop laughing, that is of course until he sees some suspicious driving up ahead.

“What the hell? You see that Camaro?” Lucas points at it, causing Mike to scan his eyes for it.

“Yeah! Why the hell are they going so slow?” Mike asks.

The Camaro starts to swerve from lane to lane at the slowest speed possible.

The look on the boys' faces is just disbelief.

“OK, they are either high, old, or just retarded.... or all three,” Lucas says.

“What should we do? Like, I guess...”

Mike is unable to spit out his thoughts as he stupidly stares at the car.

“We're cops for a reason, Mike. It's time to finally do something.”

Mike and Lucas both look at each other and not their heads in agreement.

“Max, you're crazy!” El says in a happy tone as she's currently high as a kite along with Max.

“Yeaaaah, okay. Whatever you say, virgiiiiin.”

“Seriously though. You might wanna get things under control,” El

says, unable to stop her laughing as she looks at Max struggling with the wheel.

Then there's the sound of Police sirens.

Max and El's eyes widen to where they are normal now. They look at each other with fear on their faces.

"Shit. Shit. Shit! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, EL!" Max yells, being in full panic mode now.

"My fault?! You're the one that brought the joint on the trip and decided to smoke it, you dumbass!" El fights back.

They are at the peak of their high, but being in a situation like this has made them more normal.

"Max, you have to pull over!"

"Shit!"

Max pulls over to the side of the freeway and the police car behind them does the same.

"Max, hide the joint!" El tries to stay calm as the black police officer comes out of the car.

Max looks around for a place to hide it, but she can't think of a good spot.

"FUCK. Fuck. I don't know what to do-"

El snatches the joint from Max. She leans up from the seat and places the joint there. El sits on the joint and feels a small burn.

"Okay. Just stay calm, Max. We're just tired. We're just tired, alright?" El puts her hand on Max's shoulder and Max nods, fully understanding that they have to be calm.

The dark skinned policeman approaches Max's window and knocks on it.

Max nervously rolls the window down and waits a couple of seconds before turning her head to face him.

Lucas leans down to see them in the car and sarcastically smiles at Max.

“License and registration,” Lucas demands.

Max is quick to pull out her wallet and give him her license, almost dropping it in the process.

“I-I wasn't speeding, sir.”

Lucas reads over her license and finds it to be legit.

“I know, but you were suspiciously driving too slow. I just want to make sure that no accident happens,” Lucas hands her back the license and gives her a friendly smile.

Lucas would be lying if he didn't think she was cute. He has a thing for redheads and meeting her randomly like this at this stage of his life could be a sign.

Besides being freaked out, Max loves his glowing smile. His dark skin is different from all the other guys he's been with. The fact that her step-dad has stated he hates blacks makes this so much more taboo. This Feeling inside of her....

She wants him.

They stare into each other's eyes and both giggle at how starry eyed they look.

El even rolls her eyes at how obviously cringey this is.

“Are we good, officer?” El asks, bringing Max and Lucas back to reality.

“Uhh, yeah.”

Lucas leans in closer to Max and smiles at her again.

“So this is completely off the record, but... I was wondering if I could maybe... get your phone number?” Lucas shyly asks on purpose, knowing it makes him look cuter.

Max blushes and uncontrollably grins at him.

“I'll give you more than my number,” Max winks, causing Lucas to momentarily have a face of joy.

Lucas wipes the happiness off of his face when he obviously smells weed.

His dream girl. A pot smoker. It's perfect for him.

But he also needs to get a promotion. He hasn't done anything noteworthy yet and this could be his big break.

He hates to do it, but he has to...

“Have you... been smoking any chemical substances, today, ma'am?”

Max's lovey dovey feeling inside her body suddenly goes back into panic mode.

“No, sir! Chemical substances? what's that? I would never mess around with that icky stuff!” Max replies, trying her hardest to not sound like she's lying.

El cringes at the obvious lie and the horrible acting job.

Lucas let's out a sigh of disappointment.

“I'm gonna have to ask you to step out of the car.”

“What? Why?”

“I need to search you for drugs.”

Max wants to cry on the inside but calmly gets out of the car and stands still so Lucas can begin his search.

He starts by feeling her legs, then moves up to her thighs.

Max gets that tingly feeling when he starts feeling her up in the area. Seeing his dark hands touch her body makes her want him even more.

His hands move up to her waist, then finally, he feels her boobs, and it isn't an accident.

Max is initially shocked at him feeling her there. She likes it. Then she remembers she's about to get arrested because of him.

“Hey! You can't fucking feel my breasts you fucking pig!” Max shouts.

Max turns around and looks at him with evil intentions.

“Ma'am, women have been known to hide things there before, it's just protocol,” Lucas tells the truth, although he's so glad he has an excuse to feel them.

Max grunts and shakes her head.

Lucas looks over to Mike who is still in the car signals for him to get out.

“Mike, I'm gonna need your help on this one!” Lucas yells, causing Mike to step out of the car and wall over to the other side of the Camaro.

“What am I doing?” Mike asks.

“The car and them smell like weed. I searched the redhead so go ahead and search the other girl,” Lucas explains.

Mike signals for El to get out of the car. El slowly opens the door, inch by inch. When the door is fully opened, she has a look of fear as she looks at the long haired boy.

To her, he's fascinating to look at in a strange way. She doesn't know what background he comes from, but he's just stunning.

She's too caught up in his eyes now.

“Step out of the vehicle, please?” Mike asks in the nicest way

possible.

El shakes her head no.

“I’m gonna have to take you out of the vehicle using force. I have probable cause, ma’am,” Mike says.

El gets even more scared.

She shakes her head no again.

Mike gets a confused expression on his face as he looks up at Lucas. Lucas shrugs his shoulders and returns his focus to Max.

Mike looks down at El, not knowing if he's actually gonna have to physically get her out of the car.

“Why won't you get out of the car?”

“I..... I.....”

She looks down at her seat which causes Mike to raise his eyebrows. It all clicks in his head.

“Are you... sitting on the drugs?” Mike leans down to face level and whispers to Do.

El gulps and nods her head yes.

Mike whispers to her again.

“You're not making this any easier. Just get up so we can move this along and get this over with. OK?”

Mike's voice is calm. It soothes El into being calm. There's nothing more she can do now.

She gets out of the car to reveal the crunched up joint in the seat, what's left of it anyway.

Mike picks up the joint and then raises his hand up to show Lucas.

“Found it. A joint, Lucas. What do we do now?” Mike asks.

“Cuffs?” Lucas says in a not knowing for sure way.

“Cuffs,” Mike simply replies.

Without hesitating, they both pull out the handcuffs and pull Max and El's hands behind their backs. They slap the cuffs on them which immediately triggers Max and El.

“What the fuck?! You're arresting us?! Over a fucking joint?! FUCK YOU, YOU DUMB APE!” Max says as Lucas walks her to the police car.

Max realizes that what she said sounds bad.

“I didn't mean ape because you're black, I meant it because you're another greedy cop doing whatever it takes to move up in the ranks!”

Lucas ignores her complaining and places her in the backseat of their car. He slams the door let's out a sigh of relief.

On the other side, there is El, who is begging to Mike the entire time not to arrest her.

“Please, please, please don't do this. My dad is gonna be so pissed! It was her joint, not mine, I swear!” El shouts, sounding like she's about to cry.

Mike slowly and steadily continues to walk her over to the car.

“I'm sorry. Your breath smells like weed, your eyes make it look like your high, and we found a recently lit joint in the car. This is enough evidence to warrant an arrest ma'am,” Mike respectfully replies.

“NOOOOOO! PLEASE! Officer Wheeler, that's your name, right?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Please. I'm begging you. Don't do this. I. I really like you,” El blurts out.

“Huh?” Mike stops walking and waits for her say more.

“When I laid eyes on you, I.... I got this feeling inside of me and I can't explain it. But I like you.”

Confused and speechless beyond belief, Mike scratches his head and tries to think of a response.

“MIKE! COME ON. WE GOTTA GO,” Lucas yells.

Mike speeds up the pace and takes El to their car to place her in the seat beside Max. Mike shuts the door and gets in the passenger seat. Lucas gets in the driver's seat as they prepare to go back to the station.

“Shit, Mike. We forgot to do that one thing.”

“What thing- oh!” Mike realizes the final missing piece.

He turns his head around to look at El and Max.

“You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?” Mike says.

“Yes,” El politely replies.

“Go fuck yourself,” Max replies.

“Man, I'm starving!” Lucas says, having a painful tone in his voice.

“We got food at the station,” Mike replies.

The two girls are now forced to listen to their conversation since they can't do anything else.

“The station is like 45 minutes away from here. Look, there's a McDonald's 10 minutes from here, let's just drive through and get something,” Lucas suggests.

Mike sighs.

"I guess, man."

"Can you get something for us? That would be really gentlemeney of you," Max jokes, although she is hungry.

"Lucas looks at Max and chuckles.

"Yeah, nevermind. We should go inside and eat," Lucas says to Mike.

"FUCK! Could you guys be any more stereotypical dickish cops?!" Max says, feeling annoyed by the way she's been treated by Lucas.

Mike nods his head at Lucas in agreement and they continue the drive.

Mike and Lucas are inside the McDonald's eating cheeseburgers. All El and Max can do is look at the fast food restaurant as they're stuck in the police car in the parking lot.

"Damn, the party has probably just really kicked off by now. That could of been us, El. That could of been us attracting all the hot guys!" Max says, restraining herself from breaking down and crying.

El grunts out of annoyance.

"Shut up, Max. You're the reason we're in here."

"That is true and I admit that. I am stupid. Really dumb. But we're in this now, so there's no going back, so arguing with me solves nothing."

"Fine, Max. What do you want me to say, then?!" El asks, getting annoyed of Max's attitude.

Max smirks at El.

"Well, for one, those cops are actually cute and it's fucking with my emotions right now."

El being her shy self, she doesn't wanna admit how cute Mike is, but like Max, she's a terrible actress.

"Yeah. They are handsome. So what?"

"I call the black one," Max immediately blurts out.

"What?!" El replies, shocked by Max's comment.

"You know the way that black guy was smiling at me? And he asked for my number! He's mine," Max sounds possessive.

In a time of so much trouble, talking about boys seems to ease the mood, so El gives in.

"I think Officer Wheeler is cuter. He just has that face. That hair. Those eyes. Damn."

Max smiles as her eyes widen at El.

"You just called him Officer Wheeler; you're such a tool," Max chuckles.

"He seems nice. I like him. He's been nice to me."

"It's the ones who seem nice that hurt you the most in the end," Max says.

El and boys were never a thing you'd put together, but Mike has made her rethink things. Then she remembers she's been arrested by the man she's suddenly infatuated with.

Mike and Lucas are almost finished with their meal. They both aren't rushing to get back in that car for obvious reasons. Sitting across from each other at one of the McDonald's tables, Mike and Lucas smile at each other.

"Nothing like 2 pot smoking teens for our first bust, huh?" Lucas says, obviously feeling great.

"I guess," Mike replies.

"Hold up. You guess? Dude that redhead is about to get on my last damn nerve!"

"But her friend, she seems too innocent. She was probably pressured into smoking by her friend," Mike gets a guilty feeling in his stomach as Lucas stares at him with uninterested eyes.

"This is what separates the men from the boys, Mike. She might not deserve it as much, but she knew what she was getting herself into. We don't have time to get emotionally attached to people we arrest!" Lucas says, trying to make Mike feel less guilty.

Mike still doesn't like Lucas' mentality. He's starting to regret becoming a police officer.

"Well, what about you asking for the redheads number earlier Mr. Manly Cop?"

Lucas is baffled and has no coherent response.

"Well... You see..... Mike. Uh, Well...."

Lucas stops and tries to think but nothing is coming to mind.

Mike starts to smile, knowing he's won the battle.

"OK, yeah, she's cute. I flirted with her. So what? I saw you talking to the other girl like she was some cat you just rescued!" Lucas jokes, causing Mike to roll his eyes.

"It's called good cop, bad cop. I knew she was no threat. No reason to be a dick." Mike replies.

They finish their burgers and fries, then take a quick bathroom break before getting ready to leave.

Mike and Lucas are about to walk about. Then Mike's good cop instincts start to kick in. He stops in place and holds his arm out in front of Lucas, causing him to stop.

“What now, dude?” Lucas asks, having an annoyed tone.

They both turn their bodies to face each other as Lucas sighs.

“Let's get them some food,” Mike suggests.

“No way!” Lucas shouts.

“Come on, man. They're just girls. Trust me, they're gonna go through so much shit when we get to the station.”

“You just wanna get on that short haired girls good side because you have a better chance of sticking your dick inside her than you do with Veronica!”

Mike sighs, wanting to punch Lucas in the face so hard.

“Come on, we'll just get a ten piece and the redhead can get the fries.”

Lucas just wants to go home on have alone time. But he can't deny his infatuation with the redhead. Maybe she'll forgive him and give him her number.

“Fine.”

Mike orders the food and once their order is ready, the walk out and place that bag on the hood of the car.

Mike walks to El's side while Lucas walks to Max's. They open the door and help the handcuffed girls out of the car.

“I didn't know McDonald's was jail!” Max sarcastically says.

“Shut up,” Lucas replies.

The boys escort them to the front of the car. Mike digs his hand in the bag and pulls out a ten piece chicken nugget box. He sets it on the hood of the car near El and pulls out the fries. He hands the fries to Lucas as they both smirk at each other.

“We're gonna feed you. Is that okay?” Lucas asks Max.

“Sure. Get me fat and put me in jail! What a hoot!” Max says with a sarcastic grin.

“We don't have to do this.”

Lucas picks up the fries and begins to eat them one by one, slowly getting Max jealous.

“Fine. I said fine!” Max caves in.

Meanwhile on the other side, Mike has already explained to her that he's feeding her. Due to safety reasons, the girls have to remain handcuffed while they eat, so the boys have to feed them like they're dogs begging for a treat.

Mike grabs a nugget and reaches it out right in front of El's mouth. El gives him a weird look but carefully eats the nugget without biting his fingers.

He feeds her two more nuggets before she opens her mouth to talk.

“Water?” El requests.

Mike hurries to get two water bottles from the car and hands one to Lucas before walking back to El.

He helps El with drinking it, basically being her hands since she can't use them.

He goes back to feeding her. She eventually finishes and chugs down the rest of water bottle.

El uncontrollably burps right in Mike's face.

“I'm so sorry! That was so unlady like of me!” El says in an upset tone.

“No worries. It's kinda cute... I mean, not cute, but like... fuck, I'm sorry. I'm really bad with social skills,” Mike replies, making El laugh and blush.

"It's alright. I have the same problem. I'm really shy, it's so pathetic actually."

"No kidding..."

They both have this weird moment. Both of their bodies feel so connected, like an electric current is going from one body to the next. Her eyes are too much for him, and his face would make her faint if she wasn't in the predicament she's in now.

The electric connection is broken up whenever they hear a familiar voice shout.

"That's bullshit! Why does she get the nuggets and I get the fries like some 3rd rate whore?!" Max complains, causing Mike and El to remain silent.

"Because, she hasn't been talking shit to us since she got arrested. I seriously should of brought duct tape because you're something else, Maxine Mayfield," Lucas says in a light-hearted tone.

Max wants to slap the black off his face but realizes she can't.

"Don't you ever say my full name. Just because you wear a badge doesn't mean you get to degrade me!"

"You never run out of things to complain about, huh?" Lucas says with a smile.

"Not since I met you."

"Well, maybe when this whole ordeal is done, maybe I could call you sometime? What's your number?" Lucas asks, hoping to score so desperately.

Max puts on her fake happy face.

"Yeah, it's 574-Eat me, you dickhead."

"You're okay with me doing that to ya?" Lucas jokes, making Max grunt.

“On that note, it's time to get back to the station,” Lucas says.

“Yay,” Max says with an emotionless tone.

All four of them get back in the car and head for the police station.

Once they arrive, Mike and Lucas take the girls into the police station, only to realize that nobody is there.

“What the fuck?! Where the hell is everyone?!” Lucas shouts.

Max giggles at his anger but immediately stops when he squeezes her wrist.

Mike turns around at the door they just came in from and sees that there's a paper taped up outside. Mike rushes outside and looks at the paper.

The paper reads: *Closed from 5PM to 12AM due to power outages within the station caused by faulty wiring.*

“What? Police departments can't just shut down like this, right?” Mike says to himself before walking back into the station.

He looks at Lucas who's wondering what Mike's discovered.

“Crappy wires causing power outages at the station.”

Lucas raises his eyebrows.

“Power outages? The power looks fine to me,” Lucas replies.

“They must've just fixed it then. I mean it happened around 5 and it's 8 now.”

“So how long before people get back?” Lucas asks.

“It says 12AM....”

“You gotta be shitting me,” Lucas says, not wanting to believe it.

"I guess we're gonna get to know each other in here!" Max teases them.

Max's ego sends Lucas over the edge.

"DAMMIT, Mike, will you put these fucking girls in a cell already!" Lucas shouts.

"Yeah, I got it."

The police station is fairly small. The main lobby has desks for the cops and two cells side by side with each other. It has a bathroom to the left when you enter the station, another room where there are more cells, and that room eventually leads to the sheriff's office.

It's one of the more weaker police stations in Indiana.

With Lucas watching, he takes the cuffs off of them both and pushes them into each of the cells in the main lobby before closing and locking it behind them.

Mike and Lucas walk into the bathroom.

"Just for the record, I came in here to piss, not to talk to you," Lucas says, sounding embarrassed.

"Same, dude. Coming in the bathroom to talk is such a girly thing to do," Mike replies, awkwardly shaking his body and scratching his head.

"But since we're in here, man, I just realized..."

Lucas smiles at the thoughts popping into his mind.

"Uh... What?"

"This is something totally out of a porno!"

"What?!!" Mike shouts, not understanding Lucas' logic at all.

"Bro. We're alone in a police station with two cute, hot, and most importantly: LEGAL GIRLS. These are college chicks, Mike. You know

what shit we could make them do if we promised to let them go?!”

Mike sighs and immediately let's Lucas know with his facial expression that he doesn't like that idea.

“First of all, that's totally immoral. Second, I'm not losing my first bust!” Mike replies.

“We don't have to let them go, we can just tell them we'll let ‘em go!” Lucas smirks at Mike, making Mike more disgusted.

“That's wrong, Lucas. You're fitting the stereotypical dickish cop role pretty good right about now.”

“Mike. Bro. There's one for each of us.”

“Dude, I have a girlfriend!”

“Who cheated on you twice!” Lucas immediately replies.

“Yeah, so?!” Mike tries to brush off the comment.

“And hasn't even jerked you off yet!”

“So?!?!?”

“SO IT'S SAD BRO! This girl is mentally breaking you and I'm watching it happen!” Lucas says, sounding and looking frustrated with his best friend.

“I'm not doing it,” Mike gives Lucas his confirmation.

Lucas sighs again and looks down at the floor in order to hold in his anger before finally looking up at Mike.

“Fine, bro. I'm fucking that redhead tonight. What you wanna do with the other girl is your business!”

“Fine!” Mike replies, still mad at his best friend.

“Fine!” Lucas replies, trying to one up him.

The boys stand still as they wonder what to do next.

“Well I guess I'll just piss now...” Lucas slowly walks to the urinal.

“Guess I'll use the bathroom too...”

Mike walks into a stall and closes the door, causing Lucas to chuckle.

“You gonna stink up the station? Really?” Lucas jokes with Mike.

Mike is afraid to say anything out of anger so he decides not to respond.

Meanwhile, as the two boys talk in the bathroom, they're first busts are stuck in the police station with them.

The two girls are in different jail cells

beside each other.

Max is calmer than usual, probably because she let out all her anger on the way here.

El on the other hand, is starting to worry. What would her dad think?! As the Chief of Police in Hawkins, the last thing she wants to do is call her dad and tell her that she's been arrested.

He could never get extremely upset at her for doing something stupid because of her past, but she's an adult now, about to be a criminal, so it's different this time around.

El sits on the dirty bed that happens to be in the cell and can't stop thinking the worst. Max is still standing up with her head down and hands on the bars, too bored to even worry at this point.

“You couldn't wait until we got to the party? Would that be too normal for you, Max?!” El says, needing to take her fear out on her best friend.

“Don't act like you didn't smoke it too, that's why you're in here with me,” Max says in a bored tone as she still has her head down.

“Ugh! You always reflect back on me! You suck so much!”

“El. I love you. We're both fucking idiots in this situation, so for the last time, let's not argue about who's more of a screw up!” Max explains.

“No need to argue, we know who's more of a screw up,” El mumbles.

“Let it out. Just let all of that anger out,” Max says.

“I don't have any anger, I have regret!”

Max snaps out of her peaceful state and yells at her best friend.

“Then talk to Officer Whaler or whatever his stupid fucking name is and fuck him!”

“Don't talk to me right now,” El replies, feeling so worried for her future.

Max sighs and shakes her head as the two remain silent and wait for the rest of their nightmare to continue.

Lucas walks out the bathroom while Mike is still in there. He walks right up to Max and smiles at her. She doesn't wanna look up at first but she literally has nothing else to do so she faces him, eye to eye.

“Hi,” Max says with no emotion.

“Hey.”

Lucas is so starstruck by her presence, he can't even think about what he's gonna say quick enough, causing them to awkwardly stare at one another.

Lucas lets out a nervous giggle and tries to act like it didn't happen. Max can't hold the serious act anymore as she laughs at what she thinks is a very beautiful man.

“I really hate what we did. You two girls seem nice.

Would you be willing to do anything so that we could let you and your friend go?" Lucas asks.

Max raises her eyebrows. He can't be asking her to do what she thinks he's asking her.

"What do you mean by anything?!" Max wipes the smile off of her face.

"Look, I really don't want you to do any time or anything crazy. But the only way I can help you is if you help me. You catch my drift?"

Max grunts and shakes her head.

"Come on. We had a connection. You were being all cute and flirty with me until I arrested you, no?" Lucas says, making Max blush.

"Uhhh, yeah... so?"

"So I want the two of us to make something out of nothing tonight. Let's forget all this bullshit and have fun. What do you say?"

Max grunts again and thinks about it. As she thinks about her options, he is kind of right. She does like him, and this night is already ruined. Might as well make the most of it.

A smirk slowly appears on Max's face as she nods her head yes.

"Fine. Let's have some fun, Mr. Hunk Cop," Max seductively says.

"My name's Lucas but that was pretty hot as well."

Lucas opens the cell and let's her out. He slowly escorts her to the sheriff's office

El overheard everything and isn't the least bit shocked. She expected this from Max.

All she can do is worry and worry, until Mike Wheeler steps out of the bathroom. On instinct, El stands up and gets as close to him as she can without leaving the cell.

Mike looks around the room like something is wrong. He quickly walks up to El, having a confused look.

“Where's your friend and the officer at?” Mike asks El.

“They're going to have sex.”

“What?!?”

“Yeah, They walked through that door.”

“Shit,” Mike mumbles while putting both hands on his waist.

“I'm guessing you're not going to stop them?” El says.

“Well, he kind of told me he was planning to do that...”

El shakes her head out of disgust.

“Figures. Now I know why I've avoided men all my life. You're all gross.”

Mike certainly feels attacked, as he is the last man who's had any luck with girls.

“I'm not like most guys. I'm a loser too, a big one.”

“Yeah, whatever,” El doesn't believe it for a second.

“It's true! I got a girlfriend who's cheated on me twice, and we haven't done anything sexual!”

El is a little confused by the way he's acting.

“Weird brag, but okay.”

“I'm just saying, the last person you should be calling gross is me.”

She nods her head to show him that she sort of gets it. Then what he said earlier strikes her mind.

“Wait..... Your girlfriend cheated on you twice and you still took her back?!” El says in a surprised tone.

“Enough about my life!” Mike suddenly blurts out.

Mike sighs and face palms in embarrassment.

Having her hands free from the cuffs now, Lucas holds Max's hands behind her back while escorting her to the sheriff's office. He lets her go once they enter and they can't help but stare at one another, only this time it's a lustful stare.

“Sheriff's office, huh? Is this one of your perverted little fantasies you have?” Max teases him in a seductive tone.

“I just really hate him,” Lucas responds.

Max giggles as she can't stop thinking about giving her body to him.

She slowly walks up to Lucas and leans in to kiss his neck. He shivers at her lips touching that specific spot. He's actually realizing that he's gonna fuck her.

His member is rising in that uniform he has on. He knows he has to get it off now.

“One second,” Lucas says.

Lucas is able to take everything off without wasting too much time; Max can't hold in her laughter as she sees him struggle at first before finally being fully naked. His back is facing her so Max hasn't seen what he's packing yet.

Lucas smartly puts the gun in the sheriff's desk drawer, although Max sees him performing this action and takes note of it.

Max is quick to focus her attention back on his ass. She never thought in a million years that she would be staring in awe at a black man's ass, but then again, that's a very specific situation.

Just from the back, he's perfect. A Greek god.

And then he turns around and blows her mind.

Max's jaw drops and her eyes widen in utter shock at how massive his long cock is. It's definitely bigger than any other guy that she's had sex with.

Max can't stop staring, his cock is hypnotizing. On instinct, she gets on her knees and wastes no time to stroke it. Lucas shakes once again.

Max gets a happy look on her face as she bites her lip out of lust while continuing stroking the dark skinned boys cock.

Looking like a shark hunting for its pray, Max eagerly leans in and starts sucking both of his balls. Lucas' can't think about anything but this amazing girl who's making eye contact with him with both balls in her mouth.

She takes his balls out of his mouth and that makes a popping sound. She giggles at Lucas' stupendous face.

Max gets back to work and immediately deepthroats his hard 9 inch dick. Lucas is too afraid to play with her hair as he hears her gagging, only able to take 6 inches of it in her mouth. She lets his cock free from her mouth to gain breath. Seeing the spit strings connected her mouth to his member is making Lucas lose his control.

"OH YOU'RE SO NASTY, GIRL!" Lucas cries out in pleasure.

Max sucks his cock some more while going back and forth between licking and sucking his cock and balls. She evilly shows her teeth to him while having his cock inside of her mouth to show that she's in control.

"FUCK THAT'S HOT!"

Lucas knows he's about to blow his load so he picks her up and drops her on the table, causing Max to let out a surprised gasp.

"Get these clothes off girl!" Lucas says to the fully clothed redhead.

She smirks at him and does as he commands.

A minute goes by and she finally has her clothes off, struggling just a

bit from doing it while lying down on the desk.

The white redhead is now waiting for the strong black man to make her his. She's always been the dominant one when having sex, but with Lucas she wants to be his, wants to do whatever pleases him.

Lucas grabs her legs and pulls her closer to his cock. He slaps his cock against her pussy lips, making her wanting his member even more as she rolls her eyes in the back of her head.

Lucas stops teasing and sticks his cock inside of her. He starts by slowly thrusting in and out of her, not knowing if Max would be able to handle it at full speed.

Max is enjoying it so much. All of her fucked up fantasies are coming true with this boy. It's hard for her to think about anything currently.

Lucas picks up the pace and uses his power to fuck her. Being in the mood, Lucas slaps one of Max's D cup tits. She doesn't know why she likes it rough all of the sudden. And then he uses his hands to hold her legs up in the air. Max orgasms on his cock instantly when she looks up at him to make eye contact...

There's a moment of complete ecstasy in her body, making it feel like she's reached the pearly gates. When she awakens from the ecstasy, she realizes that he's still thrusting into her at full power.

Max has the ultimate realization now that her orgasm is out of the way. From the angle she's at, she can easily reach her hand into the drawer and grab the gun.

Can she really trust him? Will he actually let her go after this? She doesn't think so...

She knows that being a criminal isn't worth it. She's up for the risk, although this boy could be the one, he's gonna have to deal with survival of the fittest.

Max sees that Lucas has his eyes closed. She takes this opportunity to slowly open the drawer and grab the gun. Learning how to shoot from her dad, she slowly aims it at Lucas' head.

"I'm about to cum!" Lucas moans, still oblivious to his armed lover.

He hears the sound of a gun cocking and opens his eyes wide.

"WHAT THE-"

"Yep, no happy ending for you," Max giggles at the fearful look Lucas has.

"No, please, don't kill me,"

Lucas is still inside of her, too afraid to move at all in fear of being shot.

"Here's what you're gonna do. For one, take your stupid big dick out of me!" Max says, pretending to sound irritated.

Lucas backs up and out of her.

"Good. You see, you and your friend out there? You're gonna be our tools. And when we're done having fun with you boys, we'll leave and you won't say one word about us. We were never here, got it?" Max says with an intimidating look.

Lucas quickly nods his head yes with his hands up.

"As of right now, we're both gonna get dressed at the same time, and don't try anything stupid. Then I'll use you as collateral to get your friend to free mine, then you will be our little prisoners," Max laughs and plays with her hair.

"YOU'RE GONNA BE OUR BITCHES!" Max yells up at the ceiling.

"Fuck," Lucas mumbles under his breath.

"OH, and Lucas?" Max says in an innocent tone.

"Y-Yes?"

"You're right. We're gonna have a lot of fun tonight."

Lucas fearfully gulps, knowing he's royally fucked himself and Mike.